

(1)

Strange and wonderful News, from

THE
LORDS
 IN THE
TOWER
 OR A
DIALOGUE
 Between them, and my
Lord Staffords Ghost,

Ghost. **H**ell! Are you playing still at the old Game? can neither *Popish Plot*, *Presbyterian Plot*, nor all your Interest amongst *Phanaticks*, *Quakers*, and the rest of the *Enthusiastical Tribe*, cut a Sham for your enlargement by Purgatory; What would you give to be so active as I am, from my purgation Chambers to my antient *Tower-Quarters*, hence to my Ghostlike Father at *Rome* in the twinkling of a star, here is Liberty without a Paradox.

Lord B. Let's defer our Game till another time my Lord, pox on't we are turn'd back to eighteen, but thank my Stars, we have the Tip and a Go for't; upon my Honour here is *Stafford the Proto-Martyr* Lord.

Lord P. Where? Where? Let me be gon by the Mals I cannot abide to see him without his Head, no, though he gloriously conser'd Honour by it; It puts me in mind of creating Squires too, Hell take such Squires, I wish there never had been, nor ever will be any more of them, such as holds your Honours in *Capite* with the subject, as we do our Lands of the King, Alas! sick, I shall spue a Plot our presently.

Lord A. Have Courage my Lord, do not let his Head stick in your Stomack, and perhaps it were better there too, than upon his shoulders; it would not then be so apt to tell Tales, bubble Divines, or confess the Plot to the House of *Commons*, and after deny it briskly; but by

L. 82

(2)

St. Colly it was well he did the latter, other wise we might have all shit and spu'd Plots, and ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~after~~ ^{after} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~order~~ ^{order} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~hold~~ ^{hold} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~Hearts~~ ^{Hearts}, like our infallible Master at Rome, as is lively represented by the Rusty, Musty, Tufty Monky Pacquet Scribler, in Copper Plates *Alamode* Protestant, as the Godly Rout calls them.

Ghost. Hold a while my Lord, you named a hard word just now, which will cramp all our *Mediterranian* Inhabitants, I will vanish to Rome, *Presto*, be gone for a Dispensation to have leave to enquire if there be any sort of those Cattel amongst them, Hey *Jingo*! I am here again! I will now tell you as much Truth, as a Child can that is unborn, I will waive those advantages I might take of this, and the last Dispensation I had upon the Hill; I never heard of any there, but Catholick Lords, Jesuites, Priests, and Secretaries, and may all have their *Habeas Animas* of his Holiness when he pleases, only paying their Fees, we have also Protestants, Quakers, and Dippers, but they pile them up as they do Eggs, and dare not give them overmuch Rope, lest they Covenant to hang themselves, or some such pretty thing, and after swear, verily they believe it to be all Popish Plots, sometimes we make fine Diversion with them, make them turn the Pig, and run round like a Cat with a Feather tied to her Tail; thus they make them as serviceable there, as you do here; before I was removed by an *Habeas Corpus*, I heard of nought but *Protestant* Petitioner: Pro. Abhorror; there is also Pro. *Mahummedan*: Pro. *Atheist* not forgetting the Pro. *Alias* M. Horse, which two Epithets are Learnedly aver'd to be *Termini Conversibiles*: *Vide alphas* mischiefs of imposition; 1st: of the first, the Pro. Petitioners protests against Parliament, who by the late Petitions dissolved them; the Second protests against the former and are consequently for Parliaments, not when they themselves, but when his Majesty shall think fit to revoke them; *Alias* they are call'd *Papists* in Masquerade by the former, and are out-ball'd by them with their Iron Lungs and Puffs of Brass; they look like a *Wench* in Term time, with their Foreheads bound with black and white, the third protests against the Doctrine of Christ, whose Vicegerent the first against greater Light then ever *Jews* were Masters of a Traiterously, Maliciously, and Fanatickly Murdered; the fourth protests against every thing, but pleasure; these are the brood of the First, *Imprimis*, they learn'd to speak evil of Dignities, *Postea*, to averr they are Politick Cheats; item, observing that the long Cloaks and little Bands were divided amongst themselves, and were together by the Ears, they began to form an Argument: of so great a variety of Religions 'tis impossible they should be all true, therefore 'tis best to be of none at all, because then it follows we cannot be of a false one.

Lord B. My Lord, you are mighty ingenious, your understanding seems to be purg'd and refined, I suppose by your discourse you understand as well whats to come, as what is past; and that not as we understand things successively and by degrees, as the Learned say, but by one single Act of the Mind; therefore, what do you think will be come of the Parliament, if they sit at Oxford, whether the late Petition by our Peers to the contrary, be not an Abhorrence of his Majesties Royal Purposes, and Declaration, if so, whether it be more Criminal to be an Abhorror of the Subjects Petitions, or his Majesties Commands: Item, whether *Elizabeth Freeman's* Apparition was the spawn of a *Presbyterian* or a *Popish Plot*, Traiterously, Maliciously and Falsly, hatched and nurs'd and designed for the subverting the *Protestant* Religion, and the couverting the Parliament at Oxford; if either of them, whether she or the said Apparition, both, or either of them, may not upon the grant of a general Pardon, for all Burglaries, Felonies, and Out-lawries for Felonies, give in the Depositions, upon Oath, and whether the said Depositions, let them be sence or non-sence, will not be of as much force, as if the foresaid *Elizabeth Freeman*, and her Co-witness have or shall take thier degrees at *Salamanca*, and did actually obtain a Sallary never to be retrench'd; Let us hear your resolves my Lord. Hah! What is he vanish'd? Let us satisfie our selves, and retire to our respective Lodgings till to morrow Morning; To good Night.

Exeunt